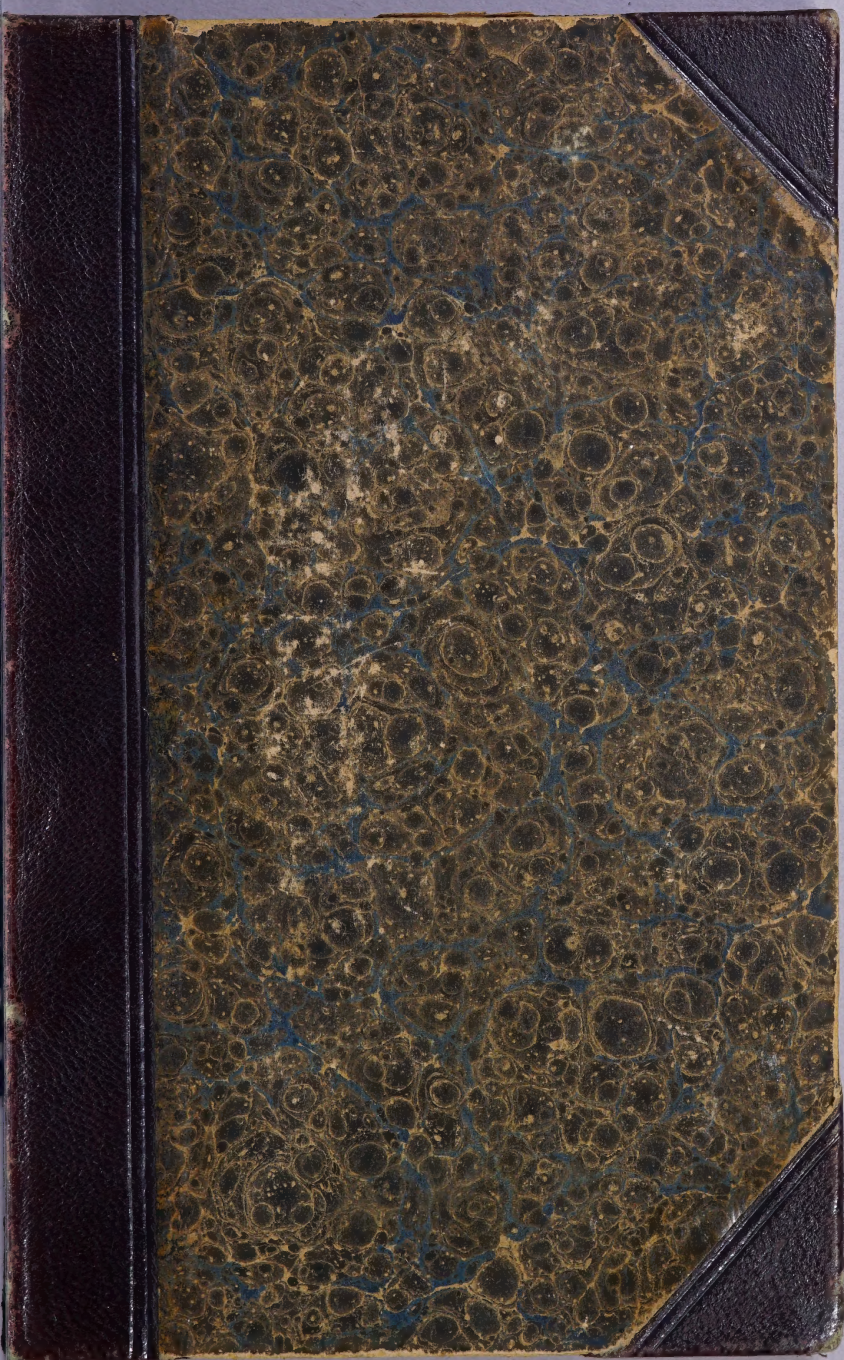
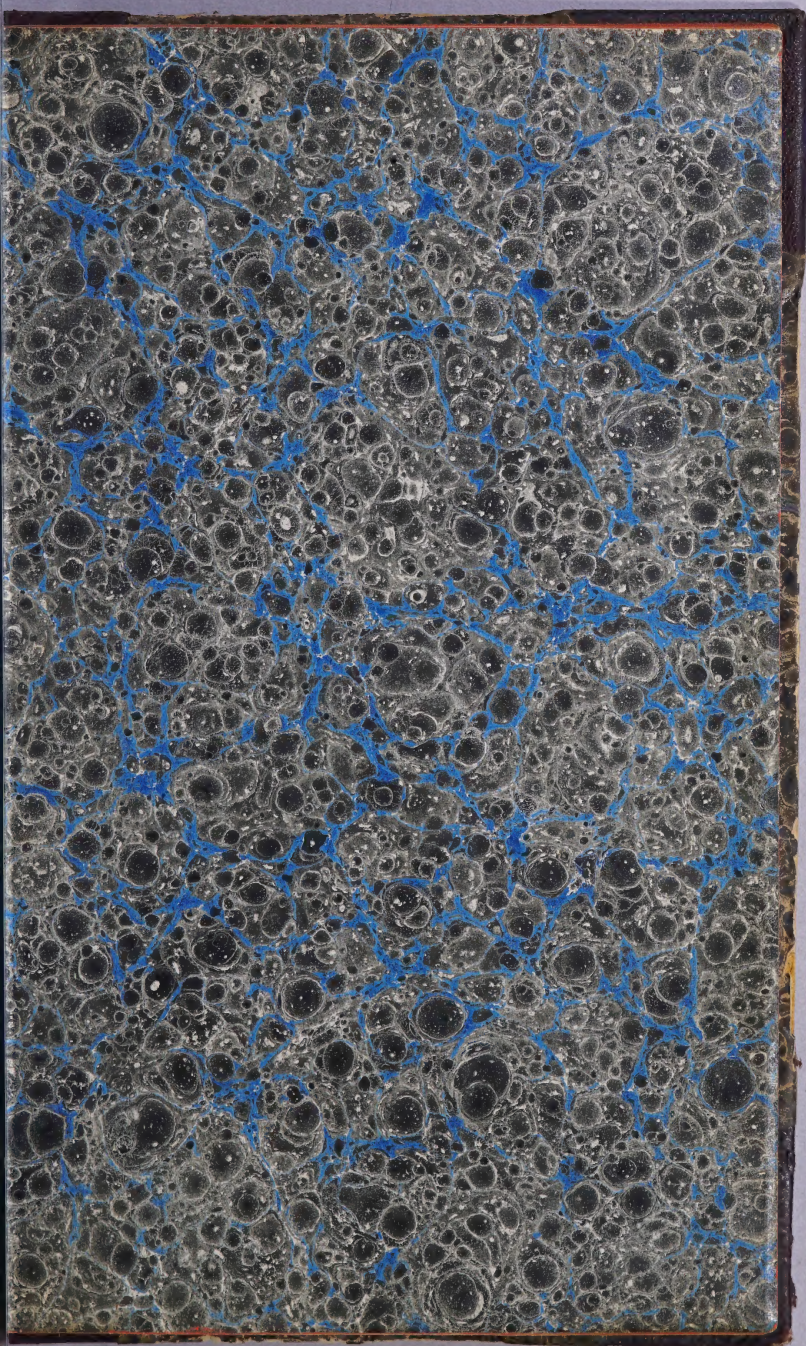






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Letter
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Darien - page 5 -

One of the papers relating to the
Darien Expedition

Darien
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Æ S O P

IN

SCOTLAND,

Exposed in Ten Select *FABLES* relating to the Times.

VIZ.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| I. The young <i>Lyon</i> and
<i>Dogs.</i> | } | VI. The <i>Merchant</i> and
<i>Soldiers.</i> |
| II. The mad <i>Lyon</i> and
<i>Wolf.</i> | | VII. The <i>Magpye</i> and
<i>Rook.</i> |
| III. The <i>Fox</i> and <i>Eagle.</i> | | VIII. Northern <i>Trumpeter</i> |
| IV. The <i>Man</i> and his <i>As.</i> | | IX. The <i>Bees</i> and <i>Hornets.</i> |
| V. The <i>Car</i> and the <i>Eagle</i> | | X. The <i>Farmer</i> and <i>Weasel.</i> |



LONDON, Printed in the Year.

1704.

Æ S O P

IN

SCOTLAND, &c.

FABLE I.

The young Lyon and the Dogs.

SOME crafty Curs, who had abus'd their Master,
Too late repented, their most sad Disaster
He being gone, a new one they must chuse,
And yet they still a new one do refuse,
One Cur Bawls out, *we'll crave the Foxes help,*
Another crys, *call in the Lyon's Whelp;*
Our Masters Cub, is grown a mighty Beast,
And big enough to Govern us; at least:
Let's give to him, what we took from his Dad,
And seem no longer like Dogs raving Mad.
With that a Bull Dog with a swinging Tail,
Set up a Barking; and began to rail.
No more (quoth he) talk of that fatal Matter,
If Lyon's Rule, we ne're shall grow no Fatter;
For tho at present he's but Weak and Young,
He'll make us pay for all. when he's grown Strong.
The mighty Noise rous'd up the royal Beast,
And in great State came from his new made Nest,
(Says he) dear Curs I come to let you know,
You must submit, whether you will or no.

MORAL.

*Thus many Men their Intrest to advance,
Against their Will's, promote the Power of France,*

Whil

While crafty Princes, easy States surprize,
Who think themselves most Safe, and much more Wise;
As two curst Curs are Fighting for a Bone,
Another snap's it up, and he is gone:
In such a Case are those who use Extreame,
About such Projects which are idle Dreams.

FABLE II.

The Mad Lyon and the Ravenning Woolf.

THERE went a Report, and good Authors have backt
The Lyon, when King of the Woods went Distract'd. (it;
This put the whole Mob in a sad Consternation;
What Mischief (say they) will befall a poor Nation:
A Lyon at best is like absolute Princes;
For he Eats us up all if he's out of his Sences.
And this was the cry of the Asses and Mules,
As well as the Apes, and the rest of the Fools,
Till Renolds came by who had more understanding,
And told them the Wilderness Beasts were a Landing;
The poor harmless Sheep tell a Trembling to hear it,
But the rest of the Beast they seem'd not to fear it,
Till the Lyon was gone, and the Woolf had the Power,
To Fleece the poor Sheep, and the Lambs to devour.

MORAL.

When false Reports, are back'd by Men of Note,
Then right or wrong, the Rabble give their Vote;
Down with a Friend, a Father or a Mother,
No Law nor Reason, helps the one or 't'other;
Sad times are those, when Right is Overthrown,
And Native English forc'd to lose their Own.

FABLE III.

The Fox and the Eagle.

A N Eagle that thought a young Fox pretty Victual,
Would carry some Home to her Birds that were little;
But the old Mother Fox ran after protesting,
And from her Claws, Mercy most humbly requesting,

When

When all other Arguments fail'd and were Slighted,
 She fetches a Fire-Brand, which was well Lighted,
 (Says she) for my sake no Pity is shown,
 Yet now Mrs. Eagle show some for your own,
 For if you return not my Cubbs at desire,
 I'll set both the Tree and your Nest on a Fire ;
 The Eagle was startled at this Proposition,
 And gave back the Cubbs with an humble Submission.

M O R A L.

*Thus 'tis not good to vex a Foe too much,
 Least turn of Fortune make our Fate be such.
 When Vanquish'd Foes, their Courage shall renew,
 It makes them Witty, and Mischievous too.
 This Fable serves for some in mighty Station,
 Not only here, but in some other Nation.*

F A B L E IV.

The Man and his Ass.

SAYS a Man to his Ass come lets fly away,
 The Enemy's coming to Plunder they say ;
 Fly says the Ass, I no Enemies fear,
 My Shoulders can carry no more than they'l bear,
 My Life is so servile it makes my Heart steady,
 I can live no worse, than I live here already ;
 Care I if they come ? I can serve but one Master,
 You may run where you please, but I'll go ne're the faster ;
 For the Name of an Ass is by Nature my due,
 And perhaps the next Master proves better than you.

M O R A L.

*The Changes of Kingdoms affects not the Poor,
 They lie on the Ground and can tumble no lower ;
 Nay, some Daily wish for a Change in the State,
 That they with some others may make themselves great.*

See Aesop at Tunbridge Wells.

FABLE V.

The Merchants, and Soldiers.

Settlement of Maricao.

IN a Country North, where the Winds they are Nipping,
 Where Money is scarce, as well as good Shipping,
 Where ill Natur'd People are always inventing,
 Grand Knavish Intreagues, and as soon a repenting;
 A mighty Projection came into their Noddles,
 To ride a long Journey with Bridles and Saddles,
 In a place in the *Indies* they thought to be Masters,
 But *Soldiers* and *Merchants* met woful Disasters;
 For want of good Victuals, good *Soldiers* and Treasure,
 They were forc'd to return without Profit or Pleasure:
 The *Merchants* were ready to die with Vexation,
 Because 'twas a *Baulk* to their Antient great Nation:
 Such a Voyage (Says the *Soldiers*) was ne're undertaken,
 For instead of *Gold-Dust*, we have lost all our Bacon;
 We thought to be Great, but the De'll take the Lobns
 They almost strip'd off, our Skin from our Bones;
 Like Ghosts we returned upon our own Coast,
 And therefore we have little cause for to Boast.
 No *Moral* for this; for the Case it is plain,
 These *Soldiers* will hardly go thither again.

Anderson in the last paragraph of Scotland, ch. 2. seems to allude to this fable. — He says the Scots have been lately insulted by a small island swelling high in the North, under the name of Select Committee.

FABLE VI.

The Sow, the Cat, and the Eagle.

A Cat, Sow, and Eagle, all happen'd to be
 Together Inhabitants of the same Tree,
 The Eagle upon the Top planted her Nest,
 The Cat with her Kittlings the middle possess'd;
 But as for the Piggs, the careful Sow got 'em,
 All Treasur'd up late at a Hole in the Bottom;
 The Cat and her Claws were very much busied,
 To Clamber and pay Neighbour Eagle a Visit;
 Ah! Madam says she, I fear you and I,
 Shall get little good by the Sow and her Sty,
 She lies undermining and grunting below,
 I'm sure in a while she'll the Tree overthrow:
 At this information the Eagle sat Watching,
 And never durst go from the Birds she was hatching? Then

(0)
Then down creeps the *Cat*, to the *Piggs* below stairs,
And there with suspicions she fills the *Sows* Ears;
She bids her beware, or else soon she would find,
The *Eagle* to *Pigs* *Flesh* was strangely inclin'd,
Her humour says she, will be certainly shown,
If er'e you go out, and leave *Pigg's* alone;
The *Sow* hearing this, was frighted and aw'd,
And never for *Victuals* durst Travel abroad;
By such informations, and diligent Labours,
The *Cat* made a shift to starve both her Neighbours,
Which when she had very successfully done,
she claim'd both the Nest and the *Pigs* for her own.

M O R A L.

*A man does in Friendship exceedingly fail
Who gives too much Ear to a Whispers Tale;
To him you suspect of a Story reveal it,
For 'tis both unsafe, and unkind to Conceal it:
'Tis somewhat to break all a Talebearers Measures,
To find a Friend true, is the greatest of Pleasures.*

F A B L E VII.

The *Magpy* and the *Rock*.

A *Crow* and a *Magpy* together did Dine,
But the envious *Crow* thought the *Magpy* too fine;
When Dinner was Ended, the *Crow* with disdain,
Told the *Magpy* that she ought to go very plain;
Says the *Pye* my White Feathers by Nature are given,
Then why should you envy the gifts of kind Heaven:
Besides it is Decent, to grace my Profession,
And fitly may serve for to learn you a Lesson;
If you had my Feathers, your Pride would exceed,
Not only my self, but the rest of my Breed:
So base is your Nature your Malice extends,
To all other *Birds* that are counted my Friends;
And take this true instance of some of your *Elves*,
They'll dispence with my Robe when they wear it themselves.

M O R A L.

*The Fathers of our Churches are upbraded,
By those who lately have their place invaded.*

*All Decent Robes, are counted Popish Knacks,
Unless they'r put on Holy Brothers Backs;
Thus Envy has no bounds, where Interest Rules,
'Tis hard to please those Headstrong Faction Fools.*

FABLE VIII,

The Northern Trumpeter.

A Trumpeter taken as he was a Strolling,
And when he was taken, he fell a Cajoling;
Well, Gentlemen this for my self I can say,
I ne're was the Man that engag'd in a fray,
There's not one among you, can say, I suppose,
I ne're broke so much as a shin or a Nose;
And therefore I hope you'r not for Indicting,
A Person, that never was Guilty of Fighting.
But one of the Enemies made this reply,
For that very reason he rather should Die;
That being a Coward and full of great fears,
He set other People together by th' Ears.

MORAL,

*Some Villanious People use all their Invention,
To make others quarrel and fall to Contention;
Such pitiful Spirits can basely desire,
To burn a Man's House, and sit warm by the Fire;
But he that contrives, does a Villany further,
As much as the Hands that are Dy'd in the Murder.*

See Prop of Whitehall Fable 2.

FABLE IX.

The Bees and the Hornets

A Swarm of old Bees, who had liv'd by their Labours,
Were Robb'd by the Hornets, their very next Neighbours;
Which soon was found out by a Certain old Drone,
Who frequently saw 'em take more then their own.
The Bees being vexed, began all to swarm,
And flock't to their Hive, to discover the harm;
They set a strict Watch, and they found it was so,
And thus they discover'd their Friend from their Foe.
The Hornet was summon'd to answer his failing,
Instead of excusing himself, fell a railing;

Quoth

Quoth he you'r my Subjects, take care care of my Sting;
Or I'll make you all feel the Wrath of a King;
But the Bees not so frighted, as *Hornets* suppos'd,
Began to reject what the Drones had propos'd.
And then they give out, with a general Voice,
No *Hornets* should hinder 'em making their Choice.

MORAL.

*When People provoked; instead of redress,
Find nothing but Threats; they can do little less
Then in such a Case, but take care of their own,
If under Oppression they'r forced to Groan;
This Fable discovers that former Relaxation,
Begin's new again in a Neighbouring Nation.*

FABLE X.

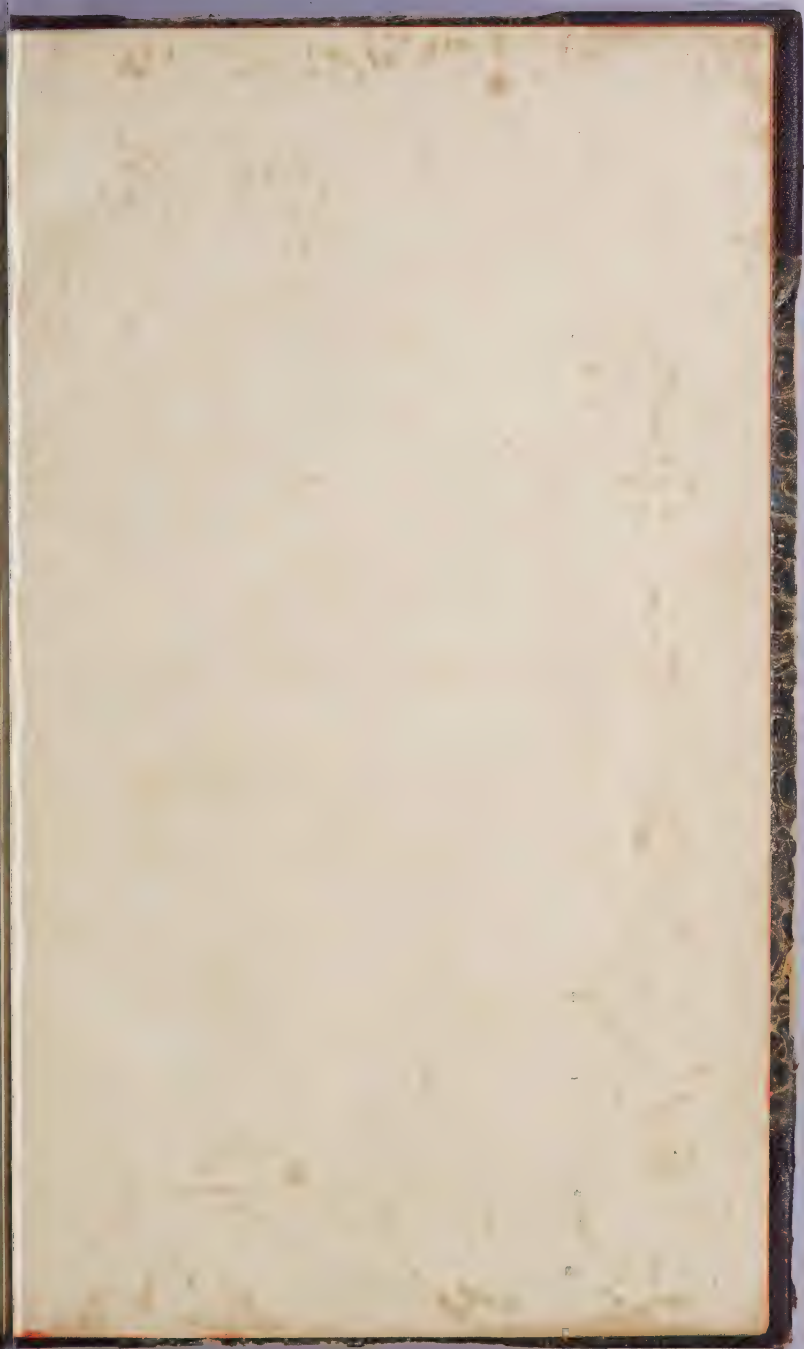
The Farmer and Weasel.

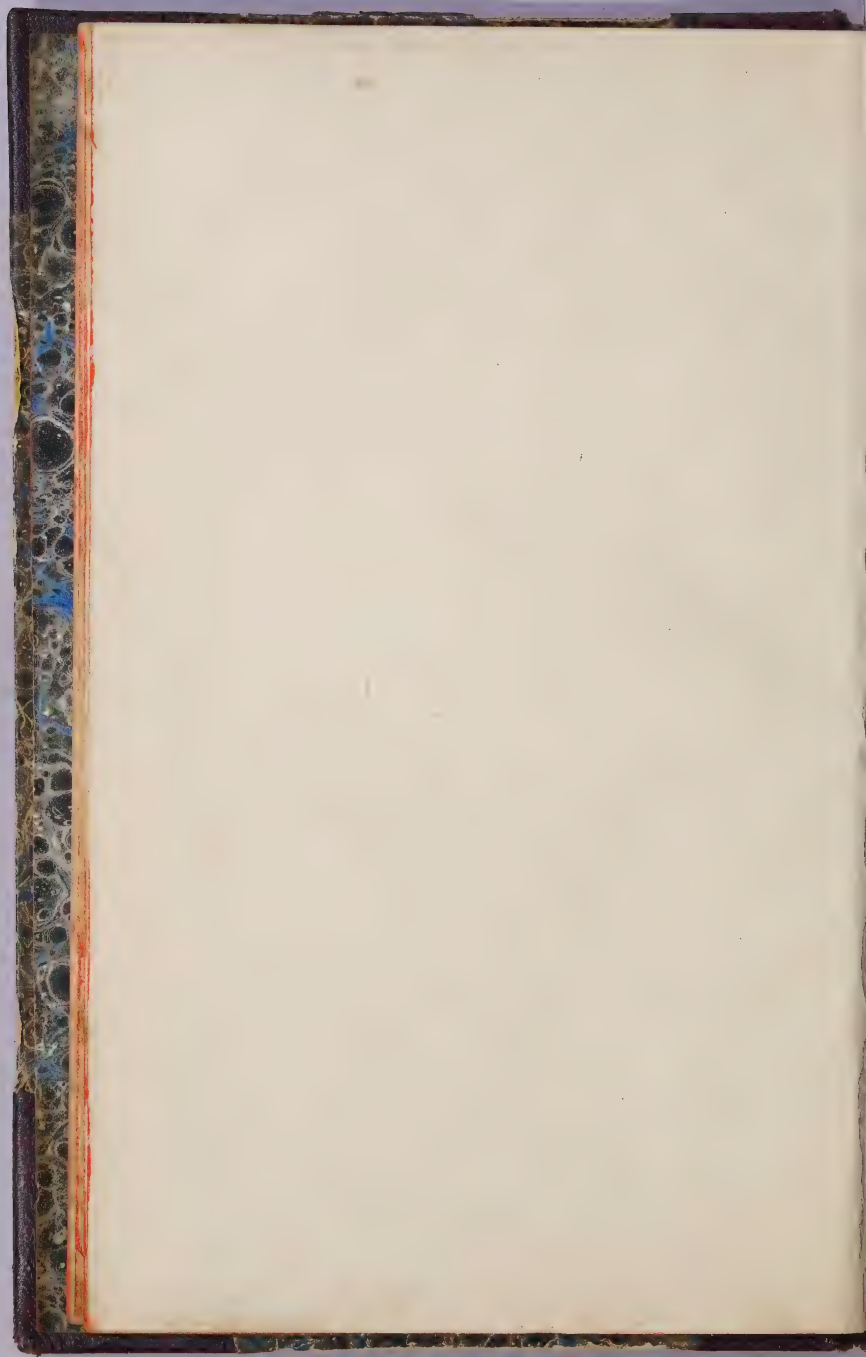
A *Weasel* was taken, and cry'd out for Pity,
Oh! Master consider the good that I did ye;
I always defended your Bacon and Cheese,
And kill'd Rats and Mice of all sorts and degrees:
And after such service, methinks it agrees ill
With Justice, for you to destroy the poor *Weasel*;
The Farmer replys, tho you seem to talk Sence,
Yet all that you say is meer Sham and pretence,
'Tis true that you Eat up the Mice, as you say,
And e'ry thing else that comes in you way,
And therefore, I must deal so freely to tell ye,
You did not Love me so much as your Belly.

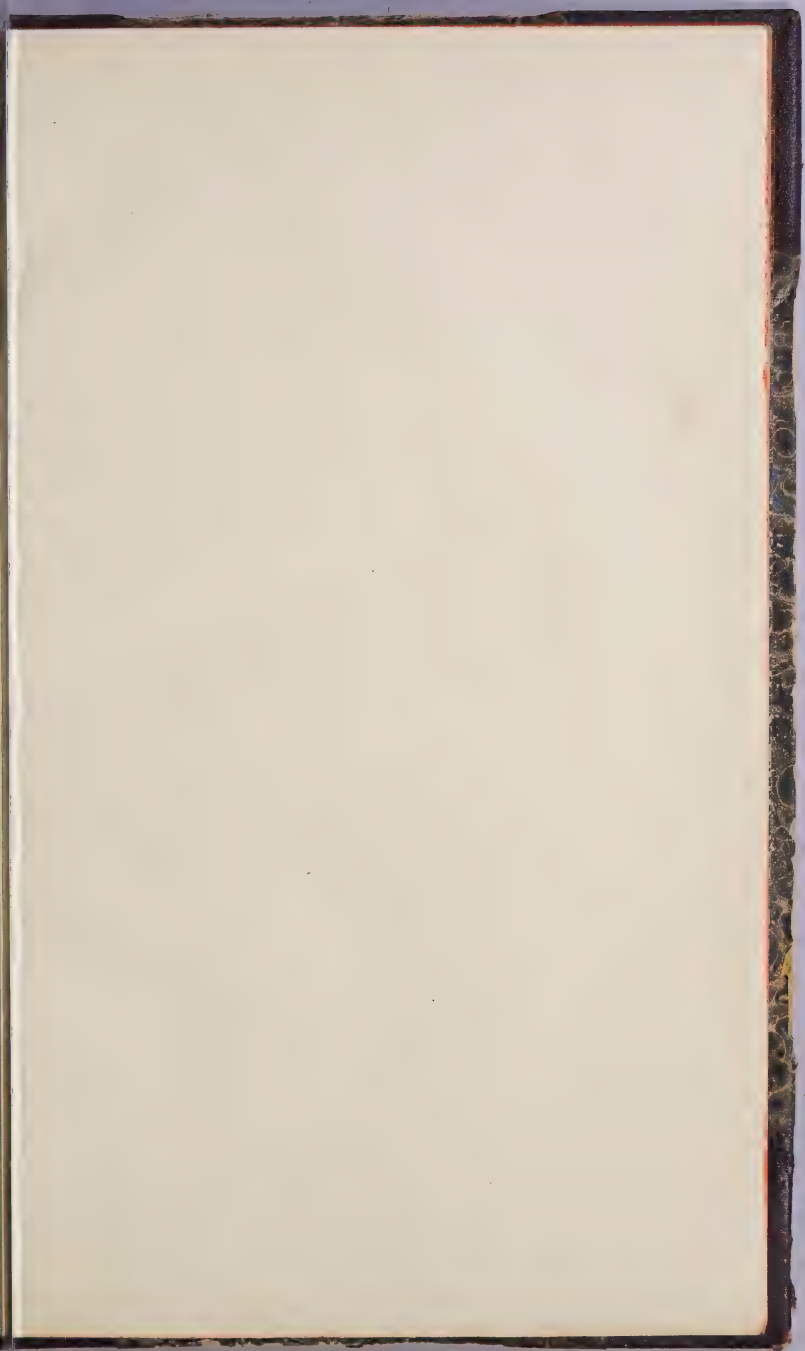
MORAL.

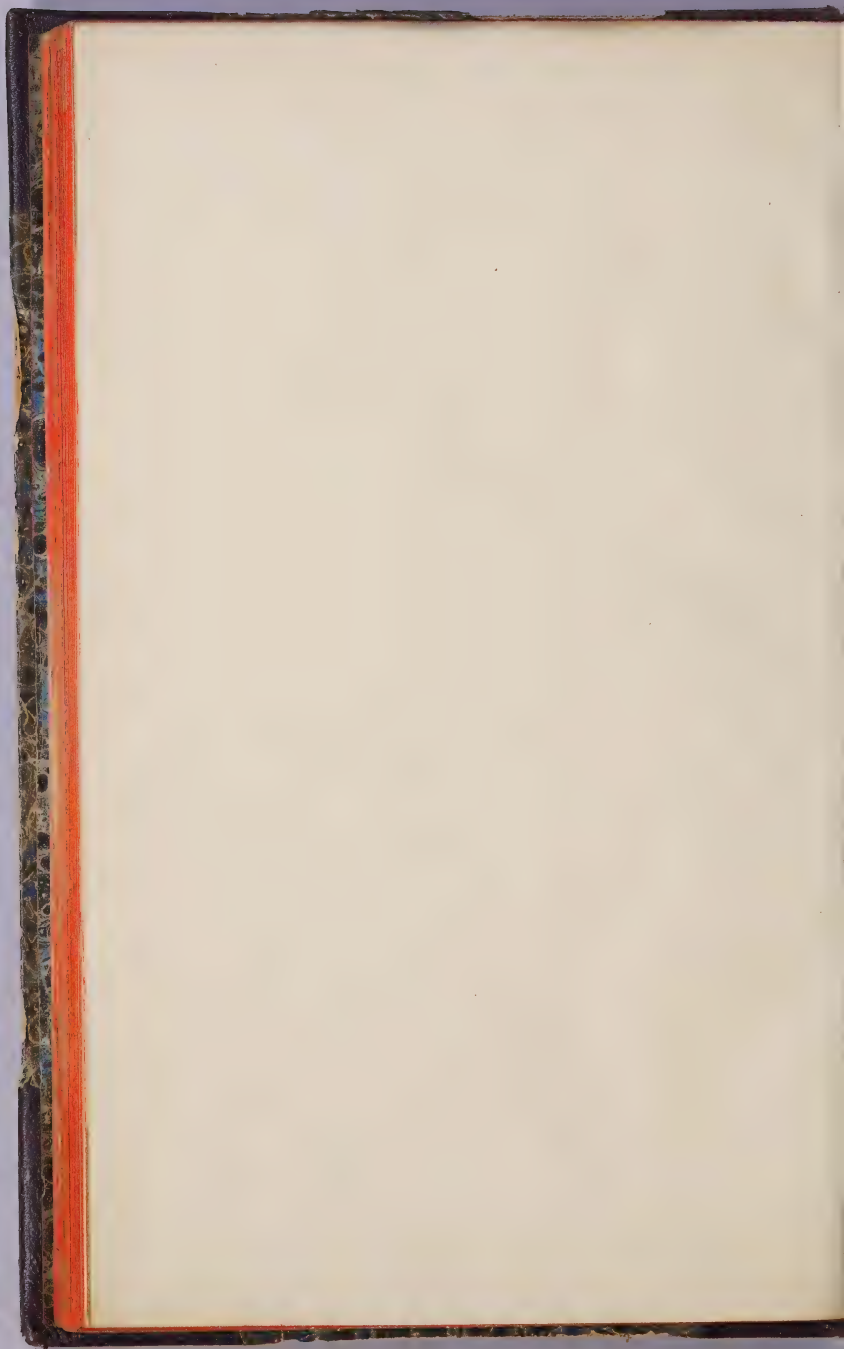
*Thus many who aim at their own private ends,
Wou'd fain have the same of obliging their Friends,
If they do any good, 'tis to gain by the Deed,
And not with design to help others at need.*

FINIS.









Oya

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Scott H

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